CHEAP REPOSITORY.

THE PLUM-CAKES;

OR, THE

FARMER and his THREE SONS.

Sold by J. MARSHALL,
(Printer to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Moral and Religious Tracts) No. 17, Queen-Street, Cheapside, and No. 4, Aldermary Church Yard; LONDON.

By S. HAZARD, at Bath, and by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and Hawkers in Town and Country.
—Great Allowance will be made to Shopkeepers and Hawkers.

Price ONE HALF-PENNY,
Or 2s. 3d. per 100.—1s. 3d. for 50.—9d. for 25.
A cheaper Edition for Hawkers.

[*Entered at Stationers Hall.*]

THE PLUM-CAKES, &c.

A FARMER who ſome wealth poſſeſt,
With three fine boys was alſo bleſt;
The lads were healthy, ſtout, and young,
And neither wanted ſenſe nor tongue.
Tom, Will, and Jack, like other boys,
Lov'd tops and marbles, ſport and toys.
The father ſcouted that falſe plan,
That money only makes the man,
But, to the beſt of his diſcerning,
Was bent on giving them good learning:
He was a man of obſervation,
No ſcholar, yet had penetration;
So with due care, a ſchool he ſought,
Where his young ſons might well be taught.
Quoth he, "I know not which rehearſes
"Moſt properly his themes or verſes,

" Yet I can do a father's part,
" And ſchool the temper, mind, and heart;
" The natural bent of each I'll know,
" And trifles beſt that bent may ſhow."
'Twas juſt before the cloſing year,
When Chriſtmas holidays were near,
The farmer call'd to ſee his boys,
And aſk'd how each his time employs.
Quoth Will, " there's father, boys without,
" He's brought us ſomething good no doubt."
The father ſees their merry faces,
With joy beholds them, and embraces.
" Come boys, of home you'll have your fill,"
" Yes, Chriſtmas now is near," ſays Will,
" 'Tis juſt twelve days—theſe notches ſee,
" My notches with the days agree.
" Well," ſaid the ſire, " again I'll come,
" And gladly fetch my brave boys home.
" You two the dappled mare ſhall ride,
" Jack mount the poney by his ſide;

"Mean time, my lads, I've brought you here,
"No ſmall proviſion of good cheer."
Then from his pockets ſtrait he takes,
A vaſt profuſion of plum-cakes;
He counts them out, a plenteous ſtore,
No boy ſhall have or leſs or more;
Twelve cakes he gives to each dear ſon,
When each expected only one;
And then, with many a kind expreſſion,
He leaves them to their own diſcretion,
Reſolv'd to mark the uſe each made
Of what he to their hands convey'd.

The twelve days paſt he comes once more,
And brings the horſes to the door;
The boys with rapture ſee appear,
The poney and the dappled mare;
Each moment now an hour they count,
And flaſh their whips and long to mount.
As with the boys his ride he takes,
He aſks the hiſtory of the cakes.

Says Will, " dear father, life is ſhort,
" So I reſolved to make quick ſport;
" The cakes were all ſo nice and ſweet,
" I thought I'd have one jolly treat,
" Why ſhould I balk, ſaid I, my taſte?
" I'll make at once a hearty feaſt.
" So, ſnugly by myſelf I fed,
" When every boy was gone to-bed;
" I gorg' them all, both paſte and plum,
" And did not waſte a ſingle crumb;
" Indeed they made me, to my ſorrow,
" As ſick as death upon the morrow;
" This made me mourn my rich repaſt,
" And wiſh I had not fed ſo faſt."
Quoth Jack, " I was not ſuch a dunce,
" To eat my quantum up at once;
" And tho' the boys all long'd to clutch 'em,
" I would not let a creature touch 'em;
" Nor tho' the whole were in my power,
" Would I myſelf one cake devour;

" Thanks to the uſe of keys and locks,
" They're all now ſnug within my box:
" The miſchief is, by hoarding long,
" They're grown ſo mouldy and ſo ſtrong,
" I find they won't be fit to eat,
" And I have loſt my father's treat."
" Well Tom," the anxious parent cries,
" How did you manage?" Tom replies,
" I ſhun'd each wide extreme to take,
" To glut my maw, or hoard my cake;
" I thought each day its wants wou'd have,
" And appetite again might crave;
" Twelve ſchool-days ſtill my notches counted,
" To twelve my father's cakes amounted;
" So every day I took out one,
" But never ate my cake alone;
" With every needy boy I ſhar'd,
" And more than half I always ſpar'd.
" One ev'ry day 'twixt ſelf and friend,
" Has brought my dozen to an end;

" My laſt remaining cake to-day,
" I wou'd not touch but gave away;
" A boy was ſick, and ſcarce cou'd eat,
" To him it prov'd a welcome treat;
" Jack called me ſpendthrift, not to ſave,
" Will dubb'd me fool becauſe I gave;
" But when our laſt day came I ſmil'd,
" For Will's were gone, and Jack's were ſpoil'd;
" Not hoarding much nor eating faſt,
" I ſerv'd a needy friend at laſt."
Theſe tales the father's thoughts employ;
" By theſe," ſaid he, " I know each boy:
" Yet Jack, who hoarded what he had,
" The world will call a frugal lad;
" And ſelfiſh gormandiſing Will,
" Will meet with friends and favours ſtill;
" While moderate Tom ſo wiſe and cool,
" The mad and vain will deem a fool;
" But I, his ſober plan approve,
" And Tom has gain'd his father's love.

APPLICATION.

So when our day of life is paſt,
And all are fairly judg'd at laſt;
The miſer and the ſenſual find,
How each miſus'd the gifts aſſign'd;
While he who wiſely ſpends and gives,
To the true ends of living, lives,
'Tis ſelf denying moderation,
Gains the GREAT FATHER's approbation.

Z.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE END.